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Quit moralizing now, my gentle Imps,
Leave Mrs. Clarke to Clavering and such pimps;
The haunts of infamy let's quick abandon:
Far be from us to meddle with the work
Of Stews, of Dowler, of the Duke of York,
Of Sammy Carter, or brave Huxley Sanden!

Then neat and clean, say why you have delayed,
To follow *Boni*, while he proudly strayed
Along the Danube's banks, through fields of blood,
With nought to stay his progress, but its flood.

While London prints were daily holding out,
That he and all his troops were put to rout;
And *vice* storming camps, or forming sieges,
Sat quietly employed in building bridges!

That front and rear, his armies were beset,
And all entangled as if in a net)
Were *Boni's* marshals, guards and grenadiers,
The mighty torrent of his fortune changed,
His dukes bewilder'd, and himself derang'd,
This net however, as it now appears;
At *Walkersdorf*, and *Wagram*, soon he broke,
And cast it off his shoulders like a cloak;
Just as Manoah's son in days of yore,
His hempen bonds at Ramath-lehi tore. *
The D——l of it is, that still in writing,
To beat and kill this *Boni*, but in fighting,
With Russ, or Pruss, or Hun, we have the test on't,
Some how or other he still gets the best on't.

One thing indeed sits heavy on my mind,
I'm much afraid, that after such a thrashing,
On all the Continent, we shall not find,
Another open shop to spend our cash in!

Thy folly, Johnny Bull, will't never cease?
Wilt thou be ever brought to live in peace?
For half a century thou hast caused more death,
Than any other —— that e'er drew breath.

*Edentecullo, 4th August*, 1809. CALDERONE,

*To be continued.*

## TO HOPE.

SWEET Hope, I love thy flowery paths to tread,
To bind my brows with thy unfading greens,
To hear thy light notes steal along the glade,
And gaze with rapture on thy distant scenes.
Unlike the cruel world's deceitful smile,
Thou cheer'st us still when friends are far away,
Thou smooth'st our road, thou soften'st every toil,
And oft—too oft thou art our only stay.
Tost to and fro on life's tempestuous sea,
My shatter'd bark the sport of every wind,
No star I have, no helm, no guide but thee,
Thou still'st the waves, thou sooth'st my fearful mind,
And whisper'st sweetly after every blast,
That I shall reach some friendly port at last. E. C.

* Book of Judges, cap. 15, v. 14, &c.

AS the works of the celebrated Athenian poet Æschylus are become rare, perhaps the following attempt at translating a few of his stanzas, may meet the forgiveness of your readers. The time in which the poet lived, and the baneful impression made on his imagination by the faithless conduct of Clytemnestra, will in some degree account for his reversing the office of a bee, by extracting the poison in place of the honey of the female history.

## CHOEPHOROE.

From line 583 to 650.

Πολλα μὲν γᾶ τρέφει, &c.

STROPHE I.

VARIOUS phenomena, of dreadful kind,
And creatures hostile to the human race,
In ambient air existence find,
And dwell in vast Salatia's embrace.
In middle regions of the sky,
Loose meteors float, and lightnings fly,
And winged monsters, fraught with woe,
Soar high, while serpents creep below.
Consider too the tempest's direful rage,
Which 'gainst creation seems wild war to wage.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But the bold counsels of the human breast,
Who can conceive? what language can express?
Oft robbing half the world of rest—
And woman guilty of the worst excess!
When sin-clothed mortals liv'd combin'd
In guilty ties, of basest kind;
When passion uttered woeful cries,
And bade sad scenes of horror rise,
Love, odious love, pervading woman kind,
In daring deeds left man and beast behind.

STROPHE II.

Let him, deep-skill'd in legendary lore,
Reflect how far revenge the feelings bore
Of Thestius' daughter, who in ire,
Burnt in unrelenting fire
The woeful wood, by fate decreed before
To be consumed, and then her son expire
This she preserved with fearful caution,
Till brother's blood inflamed her passion.